

900 IRISH IN EASTER UPRISING

Story of Struggle Against
10,000 British Troops As
Told by Collins.

In today's installment of Michael Collins' own story of his life and the gallant fight he made for Ireland's cause, he tells of the Easter rising and the seemingly hopeless fight waged by a handful of irregular Irishmen against the might of England. His story, written in collaboration with Hayden Talbot, London representative of The Washington Times, reveals the martyred Irish hero in a light not heretofore disclosed, and it forms a remarkable chapter in the history of Ireland.

By HAYDEN TALBOT.
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CHAPTER IV—Section 2.

Continuing his story, Michael Collins said:

"It is difficult to say how many British troops actually came into opposition during Easter week. In Dublin the British garrison numbered about 10,000, one way or another. Probably all of these were actually engaged.

"So far as I know we never definitely ascertained the numbers on our side actually mobilized in Dublin on Easter morning. It couldn't have exceeded 700. And at no time during the week where the fight continued would the number have exceeded 900.

Hero Not An Irishman.

As for heroism, I saw many instances. All our men were full of pluck and daring. Only that breed of men would engage in a contest where the odds were better than ten to one against them. But one incident that touched me more was the effort made to rescue a wounded comrade.

"Everything considered, I think it was the finest example of pure heroism I ever saw. There were two snipers posted in the lee of O'Connell street. The rescuer was mortally wounded himself, unable to stand. But, in spite of it, when his comrade was slightly wounded he managed to drag him across the cobblestones into safety in the post-office. It was evident the rescuer had but a short time to live, and he must have known it, for he waved them aside and told them to look after his comrade.

"To everyone's surprise he didn't die immediately, but for several days suffered the most awful agony. Never once did he complain, and at all times he was deeply grateful for any little service rendered him. He turned out to have been a waiter in a Dublin hotel. He wasn't an Irishman. His nationality seemed to be French-Italian.

"I cannot say I myself saw any case of specific brutality on the part of the British. I did, however, see many cases of what may be called ill usage. For instance, a British officer abused and lashed Sean McDermott after Sean submitted quietly to capture. Sean was a cripple.

"I also saw an English officer prevent one of his private soldiers from supplying water to a few of our men who had been standing for hours in the sun. But, for the most part, instances of physical brutality were conspicuous by their absence. But there's a form of wounding that is worse than mere physical brutality.

"Following our surrender and on being taken prisoners we made acquaintance with English contempt. Our captors made no effort to disguise their feeling that we were wretched inferiors unworthy of being accorded the treatment given a respected enemy. That was pitiful.

"They honestly felt us to be almost beneath their contempt and let us thoroughly understand it.

"In a batch of several hundred prisoners in which I found myself were some of our finest and bravest. The English officers in charge of us were especially abusive and insulting. "He told us we were Irish swine whose place was the pigsty, and more insults of that kind.

Humor Amid Tragedy.

"A year or two afterward this officer met death in a distant part of Ireland under mysterious circumstances. The mystery was never solved—not unnaturally, considering how few we were, how hopeless our contest and how pitiful our lack of equipment and experience.

"There were many instances of distinctly humorous nature in the incidents of Easter week.

"Desmond Fitzgerald, for instance, was living out in Bray, where the British had sent him the better to keep him under surveillance. His wife had gone to England on an urgent mission leaving him and a young girl of the village employed as a nurse to take care of their two children.

"In due course, Fitzgerald got word the rising was to take place Easter Sunday. He was in honor bound to do his bit. But there were his babies and their mother with whom he had no way of communicating.

"The nurse, hardly more than a child herself, was an unsafe person with whom to entrust his children. But just the same he risked the forbidden journey into Dublin the Saturday night, and managed to reach the Orahillys and explain the predicament that he wanted to do duty, but found himself the mother as well as the father of his two infants.

"From his viewpoint, anyway, the rebellion ought to be postponed until he could escape the role of nurse-maid. To his credit let it be said that he managed to overcome the difficulty and was in the post office throughout the week.

"As the rising finally proved—and history will certainly give it its place as being one of the determining factors in Ireland's fight for freedom—its importance was not immediately recognized even by those of us to whom it meant most. "People generally lived two years

TODAY

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terested in religion." His change shows us that soon or late, white or colored, we realize that the future is a mystery worth thinking about. And that is a good thing.

John Bergen interfered with another man's wife. Faced by his accusers, including the wife, he said, "All women are rotten." He has been buried since then—the husband shot him. Such things have happened on and off upon this earth for 100,000 years or so; ever since man-shaped things first appeared to puzzle Mr. Bryan.

It seems that Bergen had run away from a wife and child, returning only for a little while to get exemption from war duty, hiding behind the wife and child. Crime always is deplorable, but, according to Bergen's widow, he will not be missed.

Stockholm, Sweden, has voted two to one against prohibition, and more than half the women questioned in this country have voted against absolute prohibition also. It seems hard for the human race to make up its mind what it really wants.

MOONSHINING CUTS TOWN'S WATER SUPPLY

Frostburg, Md., Suffers From
Drought Laid to Boot-
legging Activity.

FROSTBURG, Md., Aug. 29.—The town authorities attribute the great shortage of water here to moonshining. It is estimated 100 stills are located in Frostburg, and each still consumes an average of 90 gallons an hour, or nearly 2,000 gallons for the time in operation to make one batch of "hooch."

One hundred stills would use 200,000 gallons of water, or the exact amount in excess of water supply estimated by an expert from Baltimore, which would be used by a city the size of Frostburg. It is estimated that the average still will use as much water as twenty families. The Frostburg water supply has gotten so low that the authorities have sent out a warning to use it most sparingly.

In the process of making moonshine, a half-inch stream must pour continuously for twenty-four hours over the copper coils. A small still will use approximately seventy-five gallons per hour, while a large still will take from 100 to 125 gallons per hour for operation. It is estimated that 330,000 gallons of water are used daily, as against 110,000 gallons, the amount sufficient ordinarily to supply the entire population of Frostburg.

At last report there was less than four feet of water in the reservoir, with every source of supply running extremely low.

SQUARE MEAL TO SQUARE SELF, SPEEDER'S CHOICE

YORK, Pa., Aug. 29.—Mayor E. S. Hugentugler, of this city, and his friend, Robert Anderson, a local garage proprietor, can square themselves with "Mayor" Toomey, of Dover, if they treat him to a square meal and a good cigar. Otherwise they stand a chance of being fined \$25 for speeding through Dover, where Toomey holds sway as chief burgess.

Burgess Toomey asserts he saw them violating the borough ordinance and they refused to stop when he called.

ONE-ARMED GOLFER MAKES HOLE IN ONE

BOSTON, Aug. 29.—A golf hole in one stroke out of the ordinary was recorded on the 125-yard sixth hole at the Salem Golf Club in the course of the club's weekly tournament. It was made by Clement C. Desautels, a one-armed player, who is a skater, hockey player and bowler of note.

The scoring of a "one" by a one-armed golfer probably is unparalleled.

WED 15 YEARS TO MAN WITH ANOTHER WIFE

Mrs. Mary Tenenbaum was yesterday awarded a final decree of annulment of her marriage to Herman Tenenbaum by Justice Bailey, in the District Supreme Court.

The couple had lived together for fifteen years, and it was only recently that the latter discovered that Tenenbaum was the legal husband of another woman when plaintiff married him.

without evincing any appreciation whatever of the significance of that Easter week. In many ways, however, the experience of that week as well as of preceding years preparation was invaluable. As a testing measure of men it could not have been more conclusive.

"You cannot write the whole story of Ireland's fight for freedom unless you know Arthur Griffith. The day will come when his greatness will be universally recognized."

A few days later Griffith died, unquestionably as the result of the terrific strain of the past nine months. There was nothing to suggest, however, that he was not in the very pink of condition the night I came upon him in the private dining room of Bailey's chop house in Dublin—just before the new rebellion against the Free State government began.

(Michael Collins' own story of his life and the fight for Ireland's cause will be continued in tomorrow's Washington Times.)



BACK TO COLLEGE

means smart new style

The best-dressed men are wearing
straight-hanging, easy-fitting suits
like this; two, three or four buttons
Made by

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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Raleigh Haberdasher

1109-1111 Pennsylvania Avenue

